

TULSA DAILY WORLD

Published Every Morning, Including Sundays
 BY THE WORLD PUBLISHING CO.
 Entered at the Tulsa Postoffice as Second Class Matter
 MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use
 for reproduction of all news dispatches received by it or
 otherwise credited to this paper and also the local
 news published herein.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL IN ADVANCE
 DAILY AND SUNDAY: DAILY ONLY
 One Year \$12.00 Six Months \$7.00 Three Months \$4.00
 One Month \$1.00
 SUNDAY ONLY
 One Year \$3.00 Six Months \$2.00 Three Months \$1.00
 One Month \$0.50
 BY CARRIER IN OUTSIDE TOWNS
 Per Week \$1.00 Per Month \$3.00 Per Year \$36.00
 BY CARRIER IN TULSA, HAVEN, BIRMINGHAM AND
 RED FORD, DAILY AND SUNDAY
 Per Week \$1.00 Per Month \$3.00 Per Year \$36.00
 PHONE ORIGIN 590 FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation

December 20

Take no thought how or what ye shall speak:
 for ye shall speak what ye shall say.
 Just to follow him by his
 As he leadeth.
 Just to draw the nations' power
 As he leadeth.
 I. H. HAVELGAL

THE WORSHIP OF OUTLAWRY

Although nearer the seat of trouble, and better able to see the more intimate workings of the recent sensation, we are inclined to agree with the Cincinnati Enquirer that human nature does not change, no matter what is said to explain or modify the statement. People continue to pay homage to human courage, even when it is exercised in the cause of criminal activities. Just now there is a shock being endured by some minds because of the post-mortem honors shown to Tom Blanton, confirmed criminal and cold-blooded murderer, who was assassinated by one of his own class after escaping from prison in the most romantic style imaginable.

Thousands streamed by his Bier covered with flowers; a distinguished minister conducted the funeral services, and a notable cortege followed his casket to the cemetery. One wreath, proclaimed as costing \$250, bore a written tribute to the desperado's alleged bravery, displayed while engaged in banditry, and raised at the betrayal of his friendship by his executioner.

In all this there is naught that is novel. Old histories of Paris and London tell of the comings which attended Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard and other criminal worthies on their way to the gibbet at Tyburn Montfaucon, as the case might be. More recently this country witnessed the public testimonials paid to the life and character of Jesse James, civil war guerrilla and highwayman, whose dashing bank raids are now so much affected. James was shot from behind by a comrade, Bob Ford, as he lay concealed in his hiding place. The American public was angered and the slaver became the synonym for treachery and ingratitude.

Many middle-aged men will recall the vastly popular and uproariously applauded sentimental songs of the variety—not vaudeville—stage, plaintively describing the great event in this fashion:

"Now Jesse had a wife
 She mourned him all her life
 The children, too, were brave
 Bob Ford, the little coward,
 He shot Mister Howard
 And laid poor Jesse in his grave."

Howard was the alias under which the blood-stained outlaws were living when killed. Ford died tragically. And the public expressed its satisfaction wildly. James' brother Frank succeeded to his laurels. The governor of Missouri opened the doors of the prison where he was serving a life sentence most deservedly, and the Missouri house of representatives elected him to be doorkeeper as its share of official tribute to the heroism of life on the highway. Both were made the central figures of dime novels, eagerly devoured by hundreds of thousands of hotheaded minds which thereupon became fired to commit murder and robbery and be handed down to posterity as the rivals of the "James boys."

And yet they were only a pair of crumb-munching thieves.

RETREAT OF THE SOVIET.

With what sobriety the leaders of the Russian soviet government explain to their followers their successive "retreats" from proudly proclaimed positions the Cincinnati Enquirer professes the utmost ignorance. But the real reasons for such withdrawals are obvious to every intelligent individual, even to those who do not have the nerve to say, "I told you so." There are laws higher than red edicts, and the force of some of these laws is beginning to be felt by the false prophets of economic and political utopia.

The cornerstone of bolshevism being atheism, it naturally followed that the family was inimical to the well-being of the state. The abolition of the churches was a first necessary step. As the capable Lenin put it, "Having got rid of God, we will go after the priests." But, somehow, neither the Almighty nor his priests seemed amenable to the will of the proletariat. The Russian peasant proverbially is stubborn. Call him superstitious, if you will. His unscientific and senseless clinging to his faith has occasioned Lenin as much or more trouble than prohibition enforcement has occasioned its promoters. "Modification" and "commensuration" therefore have been made.

Without calling attention to the retreat to "modified capitalism" and the inferred recognition of the right of private property, we may pass on to the latest development from Moscow.

Whereas it had been maintained as a cardinal principle of sovietism that free love is essential to the establishment of the superiority of the state, now comes a female representative of the government, one of the head commissioners of education who, speaking by the card, declares, without too much suggestion of apology, as follows:

"Woman, like man, must be considered as a

unit of labor and must be allowed to exert her talents and technique in the work for which she is fitted, but the state must take care to her the maintenance of the traditional atomism of union with the state of her choice, on the solid foundation of real love instead of the free national variety."

Presumably this concession to a fully "traditional atomism" will hold good until M. Lesnoff feels able to put over the real thing and to revolutionize the capitalist homes of the world through the pleasant and scientific practice of free love.

One can imagine the dictator quietly dropping the lid of his left eye as he sends word to the world this picturesque announcement of his latest "retreat."

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

We have little patience with those who are continually baying at the "good old times" and denouncing the decadence of the present day. With most of these the matter of sentiment is entirely lacking—they have deliberately shut their eyes to the good all around them, to the progress of the race, and to the superiority of things now over what they were 20 years and more ago. They don't mean it, but it is a reflex to their childhood prejudices and leaves the impression that they have some extra credit on account of having outlived the old things. But, on the other hand, it is undeniable that the progress of the age has dropped some good things as well as those that can be well spared. One of these old-time luxuries that has just about gone out of fashion is "salt-riding bread," and anyone who remembers this delicious combination has a right to grumble at decadence.

Now comes the Houston Post with the tenacity to insist in answer to a correspondent who wants to obtain the "theory" of baking such bread, that there is no such theory, and to express a doubt of whether salt-riding bread itself is anything more than a "glorious reminiscence."

The true, "the salty, but salty 'tis the true" that we find ourselves unable as boldly to challenge the "glorious reminiscence" of this technological utterance, as we are of the opinion that "there is no salt-riding bread theory." What makes salt-riding bread a "glorious reminiscence" is that the theory and practice of its making have come in conflict with the shaking tumults of these upstart days. The theory rests upon the absence of absolutely all molten fat and near the kitchen what time the salt-riding bread is "set" in a receptacle near the stove. Another "glorious reminiscence" is that of having to tip-toe in and around the kitchen to give the salt-riding bread the quiet it imperatively demanded; glorious because of the glorious reward of having the bread to eat, a feast which would surely have been forfeited had not the hard conditions been met. The theory was silence, well proved by the practical experience of getting the perfect loaves. One who ever had the experience will not forget it.

Salt-riding bread had become, a few years ago, such a "glorious reminiscence" that when Governor-elect Stubbs of Kansas told that he had not consented to become a candidate until his wife and daughters had promised to continue the baking of salt-riding bread in the executive mansion, multitudes of people were asking "salt-riding bread? What's that?" Tram cars, elevated lines, rushing traffic in town and city streets, the shaking of even country homes by heavily loaded trucks traveling on paved roadways, have shaken the theory on which the making of salt-riding bread rests, but they can never destroy it. But alas, we may not dispute the "glorious reminiscence" claim. Whatever chance of coming back salt-riding bread may have had before the coming of prohibition is lost in the fact that there is no alcoholic fermentation in its making, while in the baking of yeast bread alcohol plays an important part. The practice of making salt-riding bread is gone. But the theory remains.

We are almost as proud of Sapulpa's wonderful band of football warriors as we would be were they our own. In a sense they are our own. Sapulpa is so near and so nearly of the Tulsa, either that its victories cause as much joy in Tulsa as they do in Sapulpa. Eventually the two cities will grow together, anyway. And that's not an idle boast; it's prophecy.

The Pacific pact is being assailed because nobody seems able to define the limits of the Pacific ocean. Good night! When the folks can't agree on so palpable a fact as the Pacific ocean it is utterly foolish to talk about disarmament.

At last Oklahoma City has got a bridge across the Canadian, opening a direct road into "Paradise valley." We congratulate Oklahoma City.

Just Folks

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

SECRETS

These are the days I like the best,
 When hearts are at their happiest
 And whispered conversations flow
 In eager tones, though soft and low.
 Of gifts we planned for one another—
 Especially the one for Mother.

With Christmas coming on, it seems
 The home is filled with lovely dreams
 And every heart is bustling quite
 With glorious secrets of delight.
 But one excellent every other—
 The big surprise we've planned for Mother.

No ordinary trinket, this,
 To be delivered with a kiss
 It must be something we have known
 That she has wished for years to own.
 And all from dad to baby brother,
 Must share the Christmas gift for Mother.

Right now the winks are going round
 About this secret most profound.
 Oh, fancy, every night we hear
 The great surprise that it will be,
 And feel the rush we'll make to Mother
 The happy Christmas tears of Mother.

These are the secret days, and oh,
 They are the happiest times we know.
 Hiding in curious nooks above
 Our little Christmas signs of love.
 Yet guarding more than any other
 The gift we're going to give to Mother.

Oklahoma Outbursts

BY GUY LORTON

About seven more days before stocking darning becomes a vacation in most households.

You may be a peach, says Little Wayne, but adds the Red Eagle, many a peach has been eaten.

Funny, but true that when we get by Christmas most everyone feels that the worst part of the year is passed.

We can just about see the chargin on Jap faces when China told them she had the can to pay for that railroad.

Of course all of us get fooled every now and then, but we never did think that Hank would pick the shrinking violet he did for a wife.

There is just this to be said about women drivers of motor cars, they can't stop every little bit to powder the shine on their nose.

At any rate, the football game between Sapulpa and Pryor has not changed the topographical map of the state to any appreciable extent.

The Oklahoma Mirror which the Oklahoma City News has failed to reflect the glories of our politically scrupulous citizens is liable to crash before it reflects all of them.

A report from Oklahoma City seems to indicate that the state bank guaranty fund is having trouble functioning. This will require some people long enough for them to say they expected this fund to hit the rocks sometime.

Touchstones of Success

From Touchstones of Success Copyright by V. P. Publishing Company

PERSEVERENT AND CONSTANT WORK.
 By JUSTICE JAMES CLARK McREYNOLDS
 Washington, D. C.
 U. S. Supreme Court.

There is only one road to success—WORK. MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. The man who is not willing to travel it, is simply doomed to failure. He may keep out of the poor house, but he will only see the top from afar.

Barometer of Public Opinion

TALKING BACK AT BILLY.

Editor World: In the issue of December 7, there appeared in your paper an article purporting to tell the truth about Christian Science, the same I would like to comment on. I am a member of a Protestant church of this city, and do not care to give my name at present, as I have certain obligations to perform before I take up real active work in the Christian Science church myself.

Since Miss Kinney's lecture, and Mr. Sunday's remarks against Christian Science, I have been reading Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health—With Key to the Scriptures," and her life by Sully Wilbur, and Mr. Slander's answer, which should be enough and talked to many Scientists all of which leads me to believe that what these critics say about Christian Science is absolutely false, and was made through ignorance of what Christian Science really is, or malicious. In either case it is un-Christian, or, at least, un-Christian like. Above all, I think a Christian or minister who has the confidence of a great body of weary seekers for truth, should investigate thoroughly any subject before attempting to tear it down, and deceiving themselves and others.

The Scriptures say, "Be not deceived for God is not mocked, whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." I, too, had false views of Christian Science, but I have since learned to know Him as I never knew Him before, through my few days of study. I have learned to know Him as life, truth, and love. Just as Mrs. Eddy teaches. I have found out the secret why Christian Scientists are so cheerful, happy and contented. They are the most optimistic people I have ever come in contact with. They have no quarrels with other people's religious beliefs, and believe they are busy living and practicing what they teach. They read the Bible daily and pray without ceasing. They worship the one infinite God and His Son, Jesus Christ. They do love Mrs. Eddy, and they should. I attended the last two midweek, or Wednesday night meetings, and I want to say I am convinced that Christian Science does heal, and that they give the greatest relief to suffering humanity. I was almost filled to overflow with bright intelligent looking people. If any other three churches in the city could get as large attendance to their mid-week meetings they would have something to be proud of. There are young men and women, and in the face of a great revival, which Christian Science does not have and does not seem to need. I find in the short space of a few weeks that Christian Science has enriched the globe, and its followers number into the millions, and seem to be especially attractive to men of broad minds.

It would hardly seem possible that real bright, intelligent, Christ-like people, who profess to be preaching and teaching the truth, would display such ignorance about Mrs. Eddy and the doctrine she teaches.

The governor of New Hampshire in a public address in Boston, (Mrs. Eddy's home) referred to Mrs. Eddy as "The granite state's greatest woman," and said, "She has left the impression of her work, not only on New England, but on the entire world, and we are proud of her."

Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross society, paid this tribute to the leader of Christian Science: "Mrs. Eddy should have the respect, admiration and love of the whole nation, and she is the greatest woman."

I could mention other leaders of many great organizations throughout the world. I might call your attention to a small book entitled, "Editorial Comments and Excerpts on the Life and Works of Mary Baker Eddy." The same may be purchased or borrowed at any Christian Science reading room.

But Mr. Sunday, you and Miss Kinney don't seem to agree with your great teachers. Someone must be mistaken.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Follow me just so far as I follow Christ." She has taught her followers to say, in the words of the Master, to his persecutors, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

I love Mr. Sunday and all his co-workers, and think he is one of the world's greatest men, but I do not love his slurs and attacks on other religious creeds and cults.

The Master's command, "Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel," but He did not stop there, He went on to say, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, freely ye have received, freely give."

If all who are healed of all manner of sickness, disease and suffering through Christian Science daily, were to man his barn, tabernacle, it would not hold them. So Mr. Sunday, if you can do nothing but preach, preach the truth. If you have not enough faith in God to heal the sick and suffering, don't abuse those who have.

Jesus said, "He that believeth on me the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, if ye love me keep my commandments."

Christian Scientists believe Him and loves Him and are trying to obey his commandments in word and in deed, and in the demonstration of the power of God. I thank you.

Tulsa, Dec. 16. ANONYMOUS.

Please Don't Undeceive Him.

Henry Ford wants to buy our battleships as junk. Somebody tell Henry there's no tin in them.—The Shoe Retailer.

Some should Pay to Be There.

Another unequal pay is having to pay the same amount of salary to all kinds of congressmen.—Washington Post.

JUST FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS, OF COURSE

(Copyright, 1921, By The Chicago Tribune.)



Plunder

BY NORA COLE SKINNER.



Nora Cole Skinner.

She wrote her sister about a splendid new "plunder room" she had built by cutting off a big piece of her back porch—and the whole costing her \$60.

She thought she had found a great room, but her sister replied: "With all due respect to your plunder room, I think it would have been cheaper to burn your plunder."

But that is the hardest thing in the world for a woman to do—even give it away.

We argue, "It is too good to burn, and not good enough to give to them now, so I'll just stick it in here and maybe some day find a use for it." Until, first thing we know, we are carting building rooms to house our junk.

The secondhand man wouldn't give a dollar for the whole lot—we knew for we've all tried and yet here was this woman spending \$60 and ruining her back porch for a place to store it.

And why do we insist on keeping it? It must be that rainy day vision that makes us think some day we may need it, but that day never does arrive and we just go on accumulating more and more. It might do somebody good if given to them now or it might hold the very thing a rummage sale could dispose of easily, yet we hoard until it becomes a burden.

An old broken chair or table that one thinks she will surely have mended goes into the plunder room to fill up and clutter away. Give it to some one or burn it up. Hoarding anything is not good business or good morals. Certainly the latter was true during the war and the poor Belgians will vouch for it. They cleared out many an old trunk or closet that had been feeding moth and mice for years—and after the old things were gone we actually felt that we had done a noble act in parting with them.

It was a kindness on the part of that war-stricken country to help the American woman clean house, and while some probably gave away

the very coat or suit that frayed husbands had "planned to wear next week," it is doubtful whether they would ever have actually been worn—for men accumulate plunder the same as women, and they part with an old suit or weatherbeaten overcoat like they were losing a friend.

When we put an article aside, either furniture or clothes, and get something better, it is rarely ever that we have time for the discarded article again. We think we will, but the attic is filled and the plunder room is built—and we think we are "saving."

There are enough wearable things packed away in some homes to warm several families all winter. There are enough old beds, tables or broken chairs piled in attics that, given away or fixed by new owners, would make them rest in comfort and enjoy some ease.

Besides, one gets her house clean and makes possible the finding of new pieces that might really be usable.

There are all sorts of days celebrated in our country, but an annual plunder riddance day hasn't been advocated yet. It would be about as good as some that have been brought to light, and 'twould bless folks two ways. If we can't make it national, let's inaugurate its principles individually.

If the stuff is not worth selling, and no good to you or anybody else, it might bring down the coal bill this winter. At least don't build any more plunder rooms. It isn't good business.

Benny's Notebook

It started to rain a little this morning and kept on raining more, and pop started to look for his umbrella saying, "Why is an umbrella like a streak of lightning? Because its always somewhere else while you're looking for it. I know I left it in the hall rack so why didn't I there now? Nothing stationary in this house except the dust on the piano. Benny did you see my umbrella?"

Me thinking, Holy smoke, heck, on account of just remembering were my umbrella was. Being at my cousin Artie's house, me having took it over there yesterday to practice parashoot jumping off of a barrel in Artie's yard, and pop kept on looking as if I was looking too, saying, "If awt to be in the house somewhere, pop."

Ill say I awt, and furthermore, it better had be, sed pop. Me thinking, Gosh good nite.

Go up and look in the setting room closet, maybe some poor misguided soul put it in there just to make it harder, sed pop.

Well in case its there, pop, shall I slide it down the steps, up to you or bring it down? I sed.

Neither, Ill telephone for a messenger boy and send him up for it, sed pop. Being sarcastic, artie I started to go up stairs saying, Well I kind of dont think its going to be there, pop.

On wat do you base that assumption, sed pop. Me going to bed, I dont know about it, Me not saying war, thinking, G, darn it, I better not tell him, I dont think hes in a mood of a humor. And I called down, I awt up heer, pop.

Im not surprised, sed pop. Me not being either, and pop turned up his rain coat collar and went out without a umbrella talking road to himself and after school I went around to Artie and got the umbrella, I kind of brast it home and put it in the umbrella thing, only wen pop comes home and sees it there maybe Ill wish I left it around at Artie's.

Cleo Springs to Rebuild.

FAIRVIEW.—Cleo Springs, of which practically all the business district was destroyed by fire recently, will rebuild, according to property owners. On a similar occasion two years ago the losses included a new \$20,000 school building. Plans are now being made to get a fire department for the town.

THE NEW GENERATION

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XXXII

Off to the Seashore.

Their trucks were all packed, strapped, and ready. Joan was in a state of excitement natural to one so young who never had been to the seashore for any length of time. Margaret, too, felt unusually agitated. She had for so long practiced stoical self-elimination, it amounted almost to that, that the thought of this summer's pleasure almost overwhelmed her in everything she had done, all pleasures she had planned for nearly 15 years she had thought solely of Joan. But in her plans for this summer her own desires had crept in, her own pleasure had taken on an importance never before realized. She had, in her own mind, put herself in the background for so long that she felt almost like a debutant going to her first party.

She tried desperately to hide this from Joan. But in spite of her efforts she was through a rambling water. He ordered lemonade in tall glasses with plenty of cracked ice. The table between them, the glistening glasses and their cooling contents, gave just the air of intimacy which compelled other guests to smile contentedly as they passed. A smile that made Margaret blush like a girl only added to her pride in her mother's friend.

Interested, forgetting, she was laughing heartily with Craig Forrester, a story he told that when she heard the patter of running feet and Joan appeared. When she saw who was with her mother, her impetuosity was immediately checked. She slowly moved toward them.

Tomorrow — Forrester's Presence Annoys Joan.

"RACKET" FIRM IS BANKRUPT

Chain of 5- and 10-Cent stores to Sell "Racket" Firm's Sate.

PICHER, Dec. 19.—By virtue of an order from the United States district court for the eastern district of Missouri, the assets of the "Racket" firm, a chain of 5- and 10-cent stores in this city is to be sold at public auction on Thursday, December 23, by W. H. Picher, receiver.

The pure inventories \$3,731.47, and the fixtures \$553.89, making a total of \$4,285.36.

The stock consists of such goods as are ordinarily handled by 5- and 10-cent stores, and must bring at least 75 per cent of its appraised value. The Picher store has one of five stores belonging to the said bankrupt which are to be sold under the same court order the last week in December. The others being located at Claremore, Nowata, Hominy and Pawhuska.

ASK JUDGMENT ON COUNTY

DOUHAIT, Dec. 19.—Nominations for claims against Ottawa county for lack of funds has resulted in the filing of a friendly suit in district court against the county by Doyle Ralinger, acting as receiver for 76 persons or firms whose claims aggregate \$1,139.92.

The suit is filed in the district court of the United States for the district of Columbia, and it will not be contested.

This action has been taken as the simplest way out of the financial difficulties which are rendering it possible, when judgment is allowed, to include the claims of the funding bonds which are to be issued shortly by the county, presumably of about \$125,000. A situation analogous to this "friendly suit" in the city of Miami and it is expected that the city will also issue funding bonds in the sum of \$25,000.

Th' magnificent revival of "St. Elmo," which ran three months in Chicago, finally got here after nine days in Tulsa, and 'th' advance seat sale looks like it will be here all winter. Everything is all set for th' Bud-Pash wedding th' 31st, included the groom's jaw.

Th' magnificent revival of "St. Elmo," which ran three months in Chicago, finally got here after nine days in Tulsa, and 'th' advance seat sale looks like it will be here all winter. Everything is all set for th' Bud-Pash wedding th' 31st, included the groom's jaw.

Th' magnificent revival of "St. Elmo," which ran three months in Chicago, finally got here after nine days in Tulsa, and 'th' advance seat sale looks like it will be here all winter. Everything is all set for th' Bud-Pash wedding th' 31st, included the groom's jaw.

Th' magnificent revival of "St. Elmo," which ran three months in Chicago, finally got here after nine days in Tulsa, and 'th' advance seat sale looks like it will be here all winter. Everything is all set for th' Bud-Pash wedding th' 31st, included the groom's jaw.

Th' magnificent revival of "St. Elmo," which ran three months in Chicago, finally got here after nine days in Tulsa, and 'th' advance seat sale looks like it will be here all winter. Everything is all set for th' Bud-Pash wedding th' 31st, included the groom's jaw.

The Horoscope

The stars incline but do not compel—Capt. J. B. Moore, New York Herald.

Tuesday, December 20, 1921. Astrologers read this as an uncertain day. While Jupiter and Neptune are in benefic aspect, Venus and Mars are adverse. Trade should benefit under the sway of Jupiter which makes for large sales.

The configuration may direct the mind toward the purchase of what is practical and useful, read as a favorable omen for the sale of new gawags and articles that are merely ornamental.

The seers declare also that the usual of comical and easily believed articles will be circulated. Then again, women are not well disposed during this planetary government, which is supposed to make them exacting and irritable.

The rule is not an auspicious one for weddings or for lovers' meetings, as foretold.

The seers warn women against indulgence in nerves and against a positive, unyielding attitude of mind, for there is a sign that seems to indicate a spread of disease affecting the mind.

Particular discontent is supposed to breed and to spread through the away, which causes both men and women to be introspective and discouraged.

Congress comes under a planetary direction making for party dissensions and sensational errors. Legislators will be subjected to out criticism.

Although labor difficulties have long been prophesied for the winter, winter railroads seem to be under a good rule making for improvement in organization and better conditions for employment.

This should be a lucky year for starting out on a journey, especially if it be on the high seas, as persons whose birthdays it should be remembered that changes may not be fortunate. Young women will have offers of marriage.

Children born on this day may be restless and unsettled. Their subjects of Sanitariums have Capricorn characteristics and should be capable of large attainments.

The gear shift lever of a new motor omnibus is so connected to the door that the vehicle cannot be started until the door is closed.

of herself, she heard a step, and, almost started, she thought she had buried herself in her problem, she saw Craig Forrester coming toward her, but in hand, a smile of welcoming gladness upon his face.

Forrester called her "Joan" and a pleasure," he said, as he took her hand in his. Asking permission in his gallant way he moved a chair closer, and soon they were engaged in a conversation that was as delightful to her as it was to him.

Perhaps for two people of their age, but fascinating to Margaret because of its lightness. It was so like a happy reprieve with such a man, she felt that she was in a new world. He felt a little rush of happiness at his eagerness when he saw her. Realizing this she tried to recall her dignity but she could not do it. She knew how tremendously pleased Forrester had been to see her and it reacted upon her so that she could not speak the formal words she felt incumbent upon a woman's mother.